

Good 296 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

E/A. P.O. STANLEY
WILLIAMS—We ate
your pancake
(And wasn't it good!)



J.S. Newcombe's
Short odd—But true

A "Know-nothing" was a member of a secret political society organised in the United States last century for the purpose of getting the Nationalisation Law repealed.

Whales are more agile than their bulk would suggest, and, where a forward means of progression is impossible, they will dive backwards.

The sea horse is a fish with a head very similar to a horse's. It is only a few inches in length.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
“Good Morning”
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

WE called at No. 6 Thorneycroft Avenue, Chorlton, Manchester, on the right day, E.A. Petty Officer Stanley Williams—Shrove Tuesday; and here is a photograph of your ten-year-old sister Brenda eating her first pancake at home for four years. Your mother made us a pancake, too, and you will know that we are not kidding when we tell you that it was really "scrumptious."

Everyone at home sent their love to you, Stanley, including "Granny Oates," who wants you to hurry up and win the war so that you will be home to drink her health on her 87th birthday.
Good Hunting!

THE canteen at London's Lambeth N.F.S. headquarters, which has provided me with many amusing paragraphs, to-day gives me this epic tale:

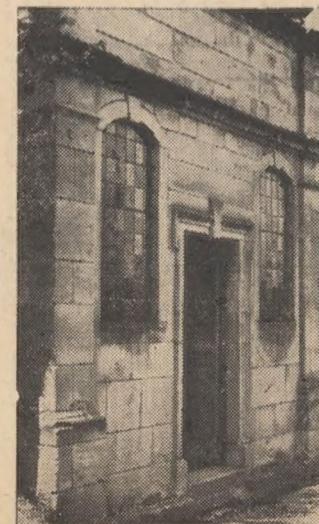
A Bren gun and ammunition, a 10cwt. garden roller, a balloon barrage cable, two pig-food bins, and a pram, were among the many things that have been fished out of emergency water supply reservoirs.

This wilful and widespread damage to reservoirs is alarming the Ministry of Home Security, who have appealed to the public to report anyone they see tampering with or throwing things into water tanks. It is pointed out that those who interfere with water supplies are liable to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £500.

Serious damage is sometimes done to the tanks themselves—one London fire force had, in four months, 23 tanks punctured by having nails driven into them, while four in Gloucestershire were so badly damaged as to be beyond repair.

Describing it as "senseless sabotage," the Ministry point out that most of the trouble is caused by those who dump rubbish of every description—even dead animals—in the tanks.

A tank in Nottingham contained 80 tons of debris; another in Sheffield was filled with debris to within a few inches of the surface. One man who dived into a tank in London to rescue a child was so badly injured by debris that he had to be taken to hospital. Offences have been worst in



Ickes goes gloomy again

Will World's Oil dry up?

T. S. Douglas reviews

Oil resources To-day

THE United States is seriously concerned about the exhaustion of its natural oilfields, which have been heavily drawn upon for war needs. Mr. Harold Ickes, the U.S. Secretary of the Interior and Petroleum Coordinator, stated not long ago that U.S. reserves of oil would be exhausted in fourteen years' time, and has begun large-scale experiments with the production of petrol synthetically from coal and other substances.

The drying-up of the oil wells would be a disaster for a world which has come to rely more and more upon petroleum for its power, especially for transport. Wartime restrictions, due to the priority needs of the Services, have shown how even the poorest person, using only the bus for travel, would be immediately affected.

The U.S.A. problem is only part of a world problem. Not long ago Sir Evan Williams said: "Sooner or later the world's petroleum resources will be exhausted... we may be closer to that time than many people think." In 1936, Sir John Cadman told the World Power Conference in Washington that existing petroleum supplies will last only twenty years. On the figures, and especially as the rate at which we are using oil is steadily accelerating, it looks as if a world famine in oil might occur within the lifetime of many people now living.

But there is a considerable body of experts who do not take such a pessimistic view of the future, and for a number of striking reasons.

To take the case of the U.S.A. first, it is only the "proved reserves" that will be exhausted in fourteen years' time. Proved reserves consist of oilfields which have been carefully prospected and their probable yields calculated. From them is subtracted every year the amount of petroleum produced, and to them are added the new fields discovered. The proved reserves of the U.S. to-day are 20,082 million barrels, four times as much as the reserves in 1925, although

over 18,000 barrels have been raised in the meantime.

Obviously, prospecting will continue and vast new fields be discovered. It may be thought that by now the whole of the world has been thoroughly explored for oil. In fact, an official report some time ago stated that an area twenty times as large as the United Kingdom "of geological formation which may contain oil" exists in the U.S.A. which has not yet been properly explored for oil.

There has been a small falling-away in the number of new fields added to the reserves during the war years, but this could be explained by lack of machinery and man-power when more urgent tasks are in hand.

As far as the world problem is concerned, there exist millions of square miles which have never been fully explored for oil. Russia alone has discovered new fields as rich as the Caucasus during recent years, and more are reasonably believed to exist.

But an even more important fact enters here. In recent years there has been a revolution in the technique of drilling wells. Not only is it possible to drill far deeper and thus tap oil lying under fields which had previously been abandoned as exhausted, but it is possible to drive curved wells and tap oil that lies under the sea. The devices by which a well is driven vertically down for 12,000 feet or in a curve for the same distance are remarkably ingenious.

A watch, a camera, a compass and a plumb-line are enclosed in a container sent

down the well. The watch sets off a flash, by the light of which the camera takes a photograph of compass and plumb. A series of photographs give the engineers an exact "map" of where the well is going and enable them to keep it vertical.

As an example of what drilling to new depths means, the case of Spindletop Field, in Texas, can be quoted. Oil was found at just over 1,000 feet in 1901. The yield at first was prodigious, but decreased year by year, until in 1924 the field was considered exhausted, after yielding fifty million barrels. But engineers went deeper—down to 5,000 feet—and in seven years the field produced another 50,000,000 barrels, and was still not exhausted.

The device for drilling curved wells was the result of experiments made by an Oklahoma man who had been turned oil-field worker by the depression. He astonished oil experts by drilling a 4,000-foot well out from a Californian beach under the sea.

Within a short time 100 wells were curving under the sea. The revolution that this brought about can be seen from the fact that the State of Louisiana "annexed" the riches of the sea for 27 miles out from the shore! But it is not only from oil wells under the sea that this new method will bring new petroleum reserves. It obviously enables wells to be drilled into oil found under cities, parks, and, as one person put it, cemeteries.

Whether it is worth while drilling a well or not depends very largely on the cost, the probable yield, and the present price of petroleum. If the price of petroleum rises or the cost of drilling is reduced, it becomes worth while exploring and tapping oil at greater depths than previously considered economic. This again will bring in millions of barrels more oil than is at present estimated. No one knows the greatest depth at which oil is found. But engineers say that just as soon as it becomes worth while they can drill to 20,000 feet, or even 25,000 feet, to bring up the oil.

Yet another factor which may make the oil famine further away than some believe is the much better use to which petroleum is being put. When the big fields first "came in," oil was as cheap as water, and was wastefully handled. Only the easiest fraction was taken for motor spirit. Much was wasted.

To-day, petroleum is more than ten times as expensive, and is treated accordingly. There is far less waste. Improved methods of "cracking" are making a bigger and bigger proportion of the raw petroleum available for the vital need—engine fuel. High octane fuels, prepared from the natural petroleum by very complex processes, is giving a greater and greater amount of power for each barrel of the crude petroleum raised.

Theoretically, of course, the world must one day have an oil famine, as it must have a famine of coal, iron, and all the other great raw materials obtained from it. But it is easy to make a case for this famine being in the distant future when, in fact, much more economical fuels and power sources may have replaced the internal combustion engine which seems so indispensable to-day. The problems likely to face the world in the immediate future are control and transport of oil, rather than actual shortage of it.

POLICEMAN: Travelling at such a rate, you could not have stopped at the lights, anyhow.

Motorist: Never take notice of those things.

Policeman: This licence is out of date. And this insurance.

Motorist: Never take notice of them.

Motorist's Wife (helpfully): Don't worry about him, officer. He's like that when he has had one over the eight.

She heard him shout "Sheep

Ron Richards

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We Discuss our old man

WHEN I heard that Iquitos was 2,300 miles from the river-mouth I decided to stroll ashore and look at the town. This was the farthest I had yet travelled up the Amazon. Once away from the wharf, where the peons were busy discharging the "Javary's" cargo, Iquitos seemed in the grip of sleeping-sickness. Every hand's breadth of shadow thrown by warehouse, shack or palm tree was occupied by one of the thousand possible blends of negro and Indian, snoring with that gentle dignity which clings to the South American even in sleep.

A few natives still remained perpendicular, padding along languidly on their bare feet in search of a patch of unoccupied sombra, but even while I watched one after another would sink to earth, as if the sun had melted their bones. Mules slept, hens slept, mongrels slept; a vigilante lay like a corpse in a rocking-chair outside a cantina while a chained monkey played with the hilt of his sword. While I stopped to light my pipe the monkey began to yawn, curled up, and slumbered. I walked through Iquitos like Prince Charming in the pantomime.

Then out of the cantina came a very tall white man, marching stiffly towards me, as if to the music of an invisible brass band. Halting a yard from me, he twirled his huge moustache, fixed me with a bloodshot eye, saluted, and barked, "George Webb, late private of His Majesty's Grenadier Guards!"

A rich smell of rum accompanied his words.

"I'm Burke," I said, "store-keeper in the Javary."

"Storekeeper? Haven't you served in the Army?"

"I was in Kitchener's Fighting Scouts."

"Only a war-time soldier!" said Webb, wrinkling his big purple nose. "Still, it's better than a bloody civilian! Come and try the swipes!"

Without waiting for my answer, he turned about, stamping his feet three times, like the Guardsmen on sentry duty outside Buckingham Palace,

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life Story
of a Roving Adventurer

PART VII

and marched back into the cantina.

As he passed the sleeping vigilante he took a deep breath and bellowed "Hipe!" at the top of his voice, at the same time giving the chair a shove that nearly capsized it.

"No sense of discipline, these dagos!" he told me. "Ought to be chucked into the guardroom, drummed out of the service, flogged and shot! What will you have?"

Towards sundown Webb ran out of ready money, and we returned to his house for more.

I went in with him, and watched him throw up the lid of a big trunk which stood by his hammock. It was more than half full of Peruvian soles, silver coins the size of a florin, and worth about the same. He scooped up a couple of handfuls, dropped them into his pocket and said, "Come on, Burke! Let's go to Joe the Pole's."

"Good God! man," I said, "you can't go out and leave all that dinero, without even a lock on the door! Some of these dagos will drag it away."

"Nobody steals in Iquitos," answered Webb, quite seriously. "It's too hot. The only thing you have to lock up in this town is your wife, and I haven't got one. Come on to Joe's!"

What he said was true. I found out later that his father, an early Amazon pioneer, had made a large fortune in rubber and general trading. He bought his son out of the Guards, and left him the lot. George distrusted banks, and kept the whole of his wealth in the trunk he had brought out from England. Although the whole town knew where it was, there was never an attempt to take it. But that was in 1907.

Joe the Pole's saloon was like any other South American rum-shop. The roof was thatch, the floor was mud, and the light came from paraffin lamps. As the evening wore on the place would grow dimmer and dimmer, Joe being too busy yarning

with the boys to trim the smoking wicks.

He was a great elephant of a man, with a little pointed black beard jiggling on the topmost of his half-dozen chins. I think his legs must have been hollow, for I never saw a man who could put away so much cachaza at a sitting.

One of the "Javary's" firemen was in the saloon when we got there, showing some sham jewellery he had brought from

Hamburg. Joe's Indian wife had taken a fancy to a big gold ring, and wanted to know if it was gold.

"Sure, it's cold!" said the fireman.

"You are good Catholic, not heretic?" asks Joe. "You swear it is gold?" For Joe knew that Charlie was a religious man.

Charlie swore solemnly that the ring was cold, and they gave him thirty soles for it. He stood a couple of rounds of drinks and left the rum-shop with a clear conscience. Two days later the ring turned black, and Charlie had to hide on board until the ship left, Joe having borrowed a Mauser pistol to shoot him with. Later, I met Charlie along the Goree in Liverpool and reminded him of it. He told me he had been a bit troubled in his mind about that deal ever since, for on such a hot night the ring must have had the chill off it. "I wish I'd bap-

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Slope. 5 Challenged.

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9
10				11					
12				13			14		
15			16			17			
18		19	20		21				
	22	23		24		25			
26	27		28		29	30			
31	32		33		34	35			
36		37			38				
39		40		41					
42			43						

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Small spa. 2 Sort of brush. 3 Skill. 4 A tide. 5 Accomplished. 6 One. 7 Small stream. 8 Give forth. 9 Bewildered. 11 Restaurant list. 13 Narrow to point. 17 Recline. 19 Fit for bestowment. 21 Appeal earnestly. 23 Study. 25 Old gown. 26 Means of entrance. 28 Wearing shoes. 30 Youth. 32 Concoction. 34 Idie. 37 Confronted. 38 Man's title. 40 That is.

tised it in a glass of iced lager," he said.

One night Joe told us how his first wife had put a spell on him. These native women make all sorts of secret brews out of herbs they gather in the jungle. With them, they drug their husbands' food. The effect of one such drug is to render the man temporarily impotent, and is resorted to by pregnant women and jealous wives whose husbands are going on a journey.

But Joe's wife went a stage farther than was customary. After some domestic tiff she put the spell on him and refused to remove it. He went to every doctor in the place, but none of them could do anything to help him. Losing his temper, he kicked his wife out of the shack, found another native girl, and promised to marry her in return for a cure. In a couple of days Joe was all smiles again, and the girl had moved into the rum-shop. She was blacker and uglier than the first wife, but Joe said it was worth it. Neither money nor threats of a hiding would make her tell how the cure had been brought about. And they say women can't keep a secret!

I did not believe the story at the time, but I came across so many similar instances in after-years that I had to change my mind. In some cases it is pure witchcraft, as when I kept finding intimate female undergarments concealed under my pillow in a small hotel. When I mentioned this to a river pilot of my acquaintance, he told me that the proprietor's daughter wanted me to fall in love with her. Since then, whenever I have suspected some native woman has taken a fancy to me, I have always searched my bed. Quite often there has been a wisp of underwear to throw out of the window. There are also various portions of dried racoon and salt mackerel which are highly thought of as aphrodisiacs, but they would only be of interest to medical men.

The more yarns I heard about Peru, the better I liked it. The dreamy smell of native cigarettes, the everlasting twanging of mandolines, and the moths massed like a coloured tapestry on the walls beneath the lamps, seemed to get under my skin. So I jumped ship and joined a Peruvian river-boat, the "Miraflores."

I did not know a solitary word of Spanish, and bluffed my way through with the help of an elementary dictionary and grammar.

All went well until I got drunk one night and could not understand any order whatsoever—even in English.

The Captain then discovered my dictionary and grammar and tumbled to the bluff.

What exactly he said to me I do not know, but it was easy to guess.

However, by the time we came back to Iquitos I'd got sufficient of the lingo to carry on with my job as a second engineer. Besides, second engineers who knew what they were about were scarce those days on the Amazon.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—251

1.—Put a lot in CER, and it costs less.

2.—Rearrange the letters of SPEAK WEIRD, and make a famous pianist.

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change CALM into SEAS, FERN into LEAF, BECK into CALL, BUNG into HOLE.

4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from DILAPIDATED?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 250

1. BroughAM. 2. ANTHONY EDEN. 3. EASY, EAST, PAST, PANT, PANE, CANE, CAME, COME.

WOLF, GOLF, GOLD, BOLD, BALD, BAILE, DALE, DAME, LAME, LAMB.

DOGS, BOGS, BAGS, BARS, CARS, CARD, LARD, LAID, LAIR, HAIR.

LONG, LONE, HONE, HOLE, MOLE, MILE.

5. Gave, Vase, Sage, Gale, Sale, Leas, Save, Saga, Gala, Vale, Vale, Veal, Seal, Ages, Ales, Aged, Lead, Deal, Dale, Sled, etc.

Laves, Vales, Gales, Valse, Slave, Salve, Saved, Deals, Leads, Vedas, Dales, Adage, etc.

JANE

THE DISCREET OLD KEYHOLE CLUB HAS CERTAINLY GONE GAY UNDER ITS NEW MANAGEMENT—TO JUDGE BY THE CABARET COSTUMES THEY'VE SENT UP TO ME FOR THE DOUGHBOYS' DANCE TONIGHT!



Answers to Quiz in No. 295

1. Hermit. 2. (a) George Eliot, (b) Thomas Kyd. 3. Potato grows underground; others do not. 4. "Mackerel." 5. 150 sailed; 53 returned. 6. Plague, 1665; Fire, 1666. 7. Dispense, Demurrage. 8. Ruler of Tibet. 9. 50 m.p.h. 10. Stars and Stripes. 11. His wife cut his hair. 12. Lancashire.

BEELZEBUB JONES



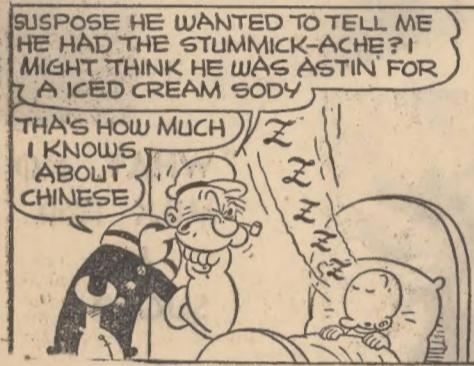
C.64.

BELINDA



C.64.

POPEYE



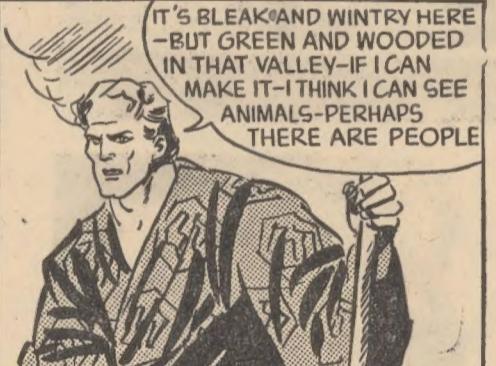
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RUGGLES

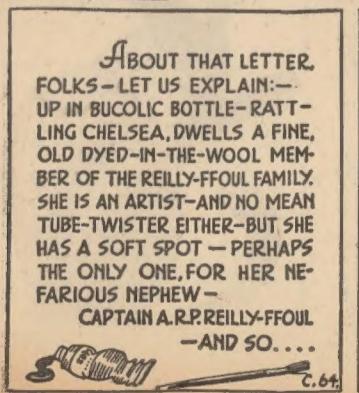


C.64.

GARTH



JUST JAKE



C.64.

Clubs and their Players

ARSENAL

By John Allen

IT was in 1886 that a party of workmen employed in the Woolwich Arsenal got chatting one lunch-hour. A leading spokesman was a young fellow from Nottingham, who found the lack of sport noticeable after experiencing so much of it at home.

Eventually a meeting was called at the Royal Oak Hotel, Woolwich. At this it was decided to call the club "Royal Arsenal F.C." The lads clubbed together for a football—but had not enough for a set of jerseys.

"Don't you worry," the young man from Nottingham said, "I'll get my brother, who plays for Notts Forest, to loan us a set."

And Arsenal played their first match in jerseys borrowed from Nottingham Forest F.C. To this day, as you probably know, red forms the major part of their shirt.

THE FIRST "GRAND" STAND.

The first "grandstand" owned by the club was a couple of military wagons put together. The skipper, too, had to keep an eye on this, as well as sit at the gate collecting the entrance money!

Because of this duty being associated with the captaincy, and the filthy winters experienced in those days, the changes of captaincy were many!

Eventually they turned professional, called themselves Woolwich Arsenal, and began to invite big clubs from the North and Midlands to play them. But financial difficulties found their way into the "Gunners'" affairs.

One day, at a meeting, it was suggested by a player that an archery competition should be held. He said that it was sure to attract a big "gate." And he was right. Woolwich Arsenal made £1,200—and this helped the club on the road to its present powerful prosperity!

Just before World War 1, when things were going badly for the club, the directors agreed to make a bold move. They decided to step across the River Thames to Highbury. The changing of quarters brought with it good fortune in every way, and during the hectic days of the last war some wonderful matches were witnessed on the Highbury enclosure.

During one of these matches there was an extraordinary incident.

Benson, the Arsenal right-back, during the course of a match, complained of dizziness, so he trotted off the field into the dressing-room. The Arsenal trainer—George Hardy, now of Spurs—noted this, and hurried after the player. He found him stretched out, unconscious. The trainer did all he possibly could to revive Benson, but the player, who had a heart attack, died in the trainer's arms.

It was his last wish that he should be buried in his Arsenal shirt. His wish was granted.

There have always been several "wags" among Arsenal's players—they changed their name to plain Arsenal on moving to Highbury—but one of the most amusing was Jack Rutherford. He was of the superstitious type; his superstition was that he must always be last out on to the playing field.

MUST BE LAST OUT.

To make sure he should be, Rutherford used to take longer than his colleagues to get ready—but his team-mates eventually rumbled his little game. They used to take it in turns to run back into the dressing-room for a handkerchief or a piece of bandage. But Jack was always ready for them. He would go back with the other fellow and help him look for it—then lose something of his own, and come last out of the dressing-room, as usual!

When one knows that Arsenal ventured to Highbury with only £19 in the bank, their great feats since then become all the greater. Huge sums for the transfer of such great stars as Charlie Buchan—who cost £190 for every goal he scored until the end of his first season—with them!—David Jack, Alex James, Joe Hulme, Dave Halliday to mention but a few, was secured by attracting huge crowds by really brilliant football.

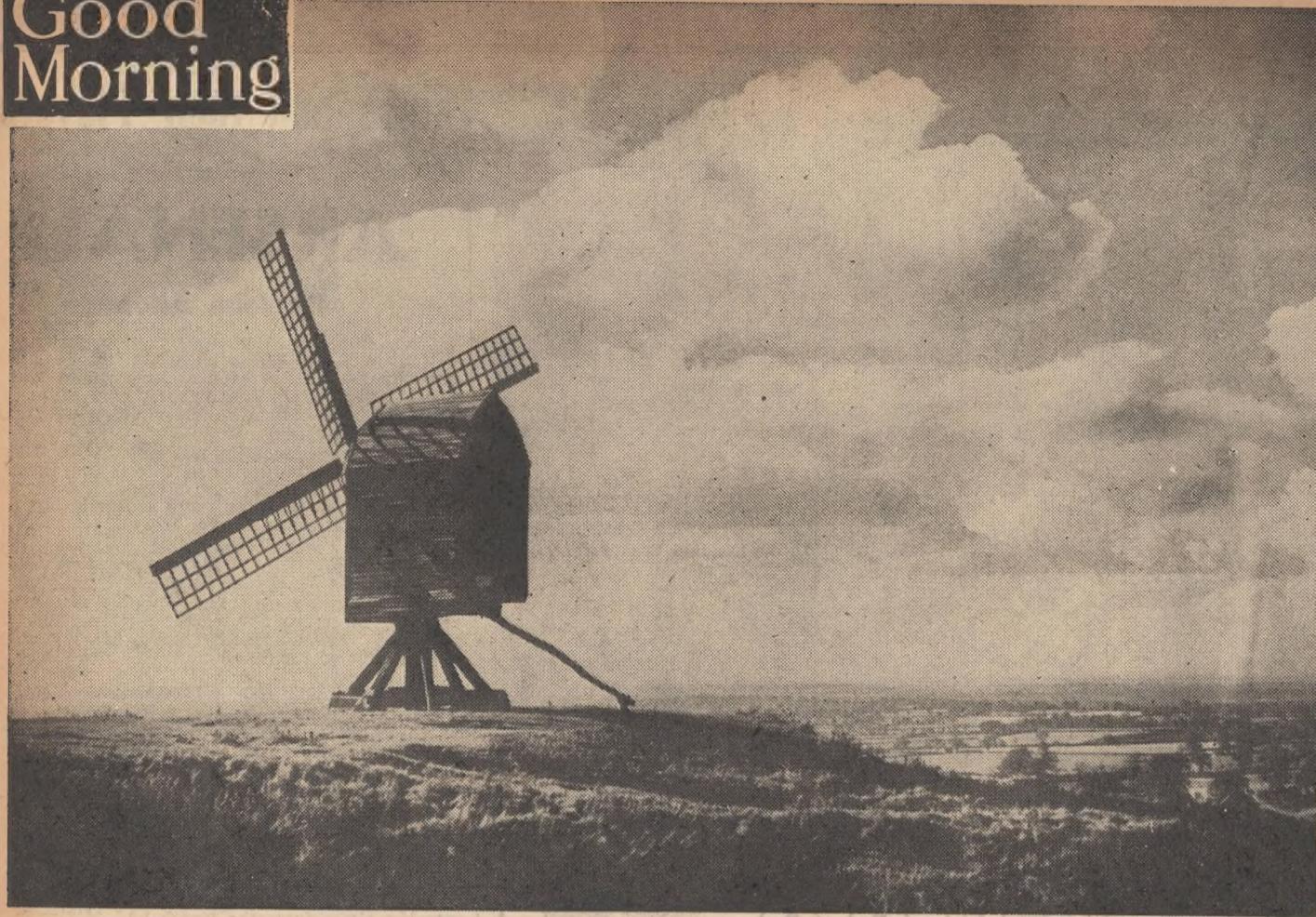
Yes, strange as it may seem, it has been Arsenal's "nearly free" players, such as Eddie Haogood, Cliff Bastin, Herbie Roberts—first of the "third-back" pivots—and Jack Lambert, who had the biggest following. Haogood and Bastin continue to give great service.

As for Lambert, in my opinion he would have succeeded Allison as manager of the Arsenal had not a motor accident cut short his life. Big-hearted, a clean footballer, and a gentleman, Lambert was typical of Arsenal.

Fans of other clubs have for long been envious of Arsenal's unsurpassed record. They forget the "Gunners" have done more for football, by their greatness, than most appreciate.

One had only to travel abroad before the war to understand what a respect the Continent had for the team that will never admit defeat. In Britain more gate records have been broken by the men from North London than any other team: and that is the best proof of a team's success.

**Good
Morning**



This England

The well-preserved 17th-Century windmill at Brill, West Bucks.



"Gor, blimey! How long do we have to wait before we start racing?"



"WHAT, NO
MILK FOR
MY
SUGAR?"

HI FELLAHS

Bebe Daniels,
who puts the
"House Full"
boards at the
Piccadilly Thea-
tre with the show
"Panama Hat-
tie."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"One of the 'Gang,
of course.'"

